

# A NEW NORFOLK BALLAD.

By Sir Francis Wallingham's GHOST,  
To the Tune of PACKINGTON's POUND.

**G**OOD People of England give ear to my Song,  
'Tis for your Instruction, and shall not be long;  
Then conn it well over when you are at leisure,  
And say you have got an unspeakable Treasure;

You see it in Print,  
Just come from the Mint,  
But let me advise you to mark well this Hint;  
O *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.  
In the Days of bluff Harry, when he ruled the Nation,  
Good old Hospitality then was in Fashion;  
Our Ancestor's Tables were spread Night and Day,  
Their Doors at a Festival time open lay.

On this I'll refine,  
Quoth Blue Mazarine,  
'Twill answer my Purpose, and crown my Design.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.  
The State Politician his Project began,  
The News was soon spread, and like Wild fire ran:  
To keep open House, for the Space of Twelve days,  
Six Weeks before Christmas our Wonder should raise.

—d send we shall not  
Hear of a New Plot,  
Tho' by such a Thing has good Money been got.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*.  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

The Carnival, if I may give it that Name,  
Was early proclaim'd by a Man of some Fame,  
Ten Knights and ten Barons, but none of them garter'd  
The very first Morning for Breakfast were quarter'd.

In plenty was there  
Good Wine and good Beer,  
And Coniac Brandy did bring up the Rear.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

But whether the Wine and the Brandy paid Duty,  
Or was, as the Sons of stern Mars call it, Booty,  
That Pest of Society, named an Excise-Man,  
The Question ne'er asked, for which he was a Wise Man

Oh! had he so done,  
As sure as a Gun,  
He soon for himself a fine Thread would have spun.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

Fat Turkeys, fat Capons, and all Things in Season,  
That Hearts could desire, or wish for in Reason;  
Some Woodcocks were there too, and Brawn and Mine pies  
And Custards compleated the whole Sacrifice.

We hope it was meant  
With pious intent,  
The dangerous Ills, that we dread, to prevent:  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

Two hundred good Pounds were laid out ev'ry Day;  
See, while the Sun shines what it is to make Hay.  
Had Ch—r—s, that chaste modest C-l-l, been there,  
With Justice he might have put in for a Share;

Now let us not boast  
'Tis not at our Cost,  
We very well know who has paid for the Roast.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*:

When prompted by Malice, or Envy, or Spite,  
Some People are ready in Dungeons to Write;  
To guess, tho' they never consulted the Stars,  
At Foreign Commotions, or else Civil Wars:

But when Comets appear,  
Or such Things as are rare,  
They surely preface some great Change does draw near.  
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no Body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

Two Pieces of Beef, the one dubb'd Sir Loin, the other call'd Bacon, by King James I.

reges, Plestunter Achivi.

But should they portend, as some Folks may infer  
The sudden Downfall of a Great Mini—ster,  
Another, as able, his Place would supply,  
And we should rejoyce it were honest P—l—ny.

Should this come about,  
You need not to doubt,  
But ev'ry good Subject would joyfully shout.  
Then *Englishmen* need not look to their *Hits*,  
For no Man would bubble them out of their *Wits*.

Suppose it should hap, that he still keeps his Place,  
And stems the strong Current of stronger Disgrace,  
We hope that our Liberties, Properties, Laws,  
Our good Mother Church, and the Protestant Cause,

Will not suffer a Jot,  
For a Blot is no Blot,  
Untill it be hit: and 'tis then soon forgot.  
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,  
Let no body bubble you out of your *Wits*.

But what is the Ultimate End and Design  
Of the States-Man so great, you nor I can divine;  
Some say it is one thing, and some say another,  
Surmises are fruitless, and vain is a Pother.

So let all that pass;  
He sure is an Ass,  
Who can, and will not see a Snake in the Grass.  
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen*, be not perplex'd  
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to the Text:

What signify three or four Thousand good Pounds  
To a Man, who in Plumes, without Number abounds?  
The Sum is a Trifle, provided his Name  
Can be thereby enroll'd in the Annals of Fame:

But hard is their Fate,  
Who have no Estate,  
We little Ones pay for the Faults of the Great  
Yet *Englishmen, Englishmen* be not perplex'd;  
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to your Text.

Divines do affirm, the Wealth that is given  
To Mortals, should purchase a Treasure in Heaven;  
I wish they would follow the Doctrine they preach  
And strictly observe the same Rules they do teach.

But it is not so,  
We very well know,  
For we see to the Wall that the weakest must go,  
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen*, be not perplex'd,  
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to the Text.

I may boldly declare, there is no Man alive  
But would willingly see Hospitality thrive;  
Yet Men, when it seldom does happen will fly,  
'Tis to Hoodwink our Minds, and to lead us astray;

They talk without Book,  
And in it don't look, (took?)  
For who that has Sense, with such Baits wou'd be  
However let *Englishmen* mind well their *Hits*,  
And no one can bubble 'em out of their *Wits*:

We talk, and we guess at the worst and the best  
The secret the Great Man does keep in his Breast:  
I Prophecy ere a few Months are blown over,  
That we shall the deep-hidden Secret discover.

Tho' as yet 'tis not seen,  
Sure it can never mean  
The slow Demolition of D—k to screen.  
However let *Englishmen* mind well their *Hits*,  
And no one can bubble 'em out of their *Wits*.

Now when all's said and done, Heav'n blest our good  
And send Peculators in Halts to swing. (King,  
Projectors of Taxes and needless Devices,  
To cram their own Pockets and Bags at a Crisis,

Are certainly worse,  
And merit a Curse  
More than they who are hang'd for cutting a Purse.  
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen*, be not perplex'd,  
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to your Text.

Quicquid delerunt